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**Large Print**

**ESW Summer Programme 2021**

**Please also see online, zoomable and screen reader friendly resources, including publications for Sean Lynch, Andrew Gannon and Alaya Ang & Hussein Mitha’s projects.**

**www.edinburghsculpture.org**

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| Large Print Version – Contents page – Summer Programme 2021 | **A picture containing text  Description automatically generated** |

**Contents** Page

**Sean Lynch** 3

***Tak Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint***

Duration: 27 mins 09 secs

Voice Over by Actor, Gina Moxley

**Press Release**: Summer Programme 2021 15

**Blue Location Boards** for each commission 20

Please also see online, zoomable and screen reader friendly resources, including publications for Sean Lynch, Andrew Gannon and Alaya Ang & Hussein Mitha’s projects at: [www.edinburghsculpture.org](http://www.edinburghsculpture.org)

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| Large Print Version – Sean Lynch *Tak Tent O’ Time Ere Time Be Tint* | **A picture containing text  Description automatically generated** |

**Sean Lynch**

***Tak Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint***

Duration: 27 mins 09 secs

Voice Over by Actor, Gina Moxley

Let’s begin.

The city wakes up every morning full of monuments on its streets, each of them there to remember particular moments of the past, and certain individuals who had a hand in making the places that we live in today. Statues are very plentiful. They can be seen facing each other, going about their day-to-day business of reminding the city’s inhabitants of the weight of history. Men who measure and shape the world feature in many of these depictions. In some, this is seen as a balletic ritual, bursting forth with scientific experiments leading to profound understandings of the natural world, the rise of technology and the growth of man’s dominance over all *he* sees and contemplates. In other places, large imposing mausoleums can be found popping up in the most unexpected suburban locations. Some say tradition is peer pressure from the dead. In this sense, monuments are like time machines or... some form of synchronisation device or... a black hole, wrapping and embracing the time and space of the present around the stories of the past and never letting go.

Looking closely at the passive expressions on their faces, many of these monuments appear not to show much interest

in events of today. They are thinking of times gone by. To remedy this, an entire Monument Industrial Complex has sprung up, with enthusiastic local historians, tourist guides and heritage groups keen to extol, to whoever will listen, the story of each monument, talking about these bronze and stone men as if they had once met them in the flesh.

\* \* \* \* \*

All cities are myths as much as they are stones, are ideas as much as they are streets, are dramas as much as they are also banks and exchanges. Deep in storage vaults, shrunken versions of the monuments outside can be found. At this scale, the fervour and emotion that lay behind their creation is apparent. Imagine the thrill had by the makers of these objects, as each grow in size, importance and reputation to overwhelm a captive public and become fond icons of the city itself. Someone even had the idea to remake a version of the Scott Monument out of little timber forks, the kind one might politely use to eat chips from a local fast-food establishment. Imagine how many takeaway orders had to be consumed to get that number of forks together! That’s real dedication, and genuine pride, right there! A level of enthusiasm that even the most accomplished carver in stone would baulk at.

\* \* \* \* \*

A twelfth century illuminated manuscript explains the principles and ethics of man and organised religion. Here, instead of imparting knowledge through stone monuments or the shape of cities, the animal kingdom is corralled to explain

how life should be led. Throughout its pages, messages are delivered in a moralising tone, full of sprawling anecdotal ramblings on various species. Some are considered good creatures and are happy to be kept in a controlled and orderly fashion, but others are bad influences, drawn to sin and vice and are to be avoided for a sacred life. Here’s Adam getting in on the act, blessing and giving names to each of the animals, telling a captive audience to shape up as he explains their symbolic roles in God’s Universe. In hundreds more pages, birds, mammals, and a notably diverse selection of snakes and serpents are brought together to vindicate man’s point of view, seeking a divine explanation for everything. There is a fantastic diversity of creatures, some that do not even exist. One could spend the whole day marveling at one such representation rather than meditating on the law of God.

The amphivena is shown with two heads, wings and claws. Its eyes glow like lamps.

Here we spy the satyr. He is part-goat with a beard, horns, and broad tail, covered with shaggy hair. He holds his wand, used in his lustful and disorderly revels. His face is quite attractive and he makes pantomime gestures. It is not difficult to catch a satyr, but they rarely survive in captivity, we are told.

True and proper order ridicules them because their powerful attraction was felt to be out-of-keeping with sacred nature. Let them run free! No longer shackled and fenced in by rules found on this rude lump of a planet!

\* \* \* \* \*

Here’s the world’s largest collection of carved stone balls, found in a museum storage facility a couple of miles away from here. These artifacts are well cared for in a climate-controlled environment. Round the clock security and CCTV guard the balls as they comfortably sit in foam-cushioned state-of-the-art cabinets. In this video footage, no entrance or exit points can be revealed, for such knowledge could help facilitate a heist or robbery.

Some cultural institutions are known to use famous dates from history for 4-digit access codes to open up doors usually inaccessible to the public. The museum staff here wisely would not be drawn on any favourite moments in history, keeping the balls safe for appreciation by future generations.

The balls fit neatly in the palm of the hand. You can see a variety of knobs and disc formations protruding out, shapes that have captivated the public and specialist archaeological research for hundreds of years. Were they ball bearings for moving large megalithic boulders around? Or weights of some sort? Maybe symbols of power used during trade agreements? Television programmes have portrayed the stones as spectacular mystery objects, a sign of a long lost society that once walked on the same ground as we do today.

Is it possible that rather than having a specific function in the past, carved stone balls are today here to teach us new understandings? Learning how to shape and touch stone with true feeling, they might indeed be vehicles for knowing

differently. Touch the stone, touching you, touching the ground, touching the whole world and all those and

everything in it, with no borders or divisions. These kinds of energies have been seen bursting through the careful security detail of the museum’s storage, escaping out into the street, their shapes enlarged into a gigantic puzzle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rising up between parked cars at a busy city centre location, imagination is an animal that can take flight, that can storm every mountain and wall of reality with its ladders and bundles of fire. It does not care much for coherence, rationality, or facts. But, for the cogs of the world to turn, many believe that imagination must be brought to rest. Alexander the Great, conqueror of all before him, reaches out to stroke the shoulder of a wild violently rearing horse, soon to become his trusty steed. The horse, Bucephalus, was spooked by the movement of his own shadow, and so Alexander turned him towards the sun and away from the cause of his distress, taming the wiley creature, and reaching out to stroke him gently on the shoulder. His shadow remains part of him, a fragment of his unconscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Mother, mother, I invented steam,” James Watt is remembered to have said this aloud after his breakthrough creation of a steam condenser and steam engine. Apparently he was watching a pot boil and steam pushing up its lid at the

time. Harnessing this potential, his invention became a source of power adapted to every form of manufacturing and extractive production. This, in turn, began the industrial

revolution, made society bigger and some people richer. All of this helped to nurture interests in making statues and raising monuments.

In time, all this has given way to post-industrial sites and university campuses on the edge of the city, like what you can see here. One wonders what Watt would think of the apparatus of Google street view, a machine that captures, uploads and saves us the bother of travelling out to the edge of the city to see his representation in stone.

There are spanners in the works here. Watts’ blurred-out face looks at working papers on his lap. In his hand he once had a pair of dividers to measure, mark out and size up schemata and plans for his affirming and world-changing inventions. It’s missing!

An out-of-control student population are likely to blame for its disappearance. Ah, but who can blame them really... young life makes for mischief! Analysis of the campus shows many ways of quickly escaping with sculpture loot. Buses run frequently in and out of the area. Roads and laneways for motorcars and bikes are plentiful. There are bushes, trees, greenery to hide behind if the heist gets heated. Clearly, the presence of a security vehicle, seen in the foreground here, hasn’t deterred any devilment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Impressed with the quality and provenance of classical sculpture, commissioners of statues like these often sought

to have examples exported from the source. Operating something akin to a mail-order service, virtuoso carvers in Italy shaped statues, dressing them up in Roman togas and the like, and shipping the results off to grateful clients in the British Isles. Any great hero could be portrayed with his arm outstretched and index finger pointing to the dream of a future world made possible through their valor and courage.

The statue would be ruined if a finger was broken during the arduous transport north, and so a small piece of stone was left intact during the journey, to be knocked out by a local carver once it arrived at its destination. Sometimes this created great anxiety, what if a clumsy blow to the stone took away all of the finger? The whole hand might fall off. Local artisans huddled nervously in a group in the cathedral aisle, looking up and shaking their heads. It was eventually decided best to leave it as it was. Sculpture has a fragile soul. A crack is a sin, after a crack there is no sculpture…

\* \* \* \* \*

All generations now and in the future must get involved, if we are ever to authentically live in the world we inhabit. Some important work to realise this aim is underway. After seeing numerous examples of inferior and defective sculpture executed in stone, an artistic momentum is moving away

from the medium. No longer trusting stone to tell a story, a quest has begun to find the formula for a once-obscure material that could suffice for future invention. Seen at the feet of Adam and Eve back when lust took them over, examples are still found in out-of-the-way parts of the city,

smouldering away. The best time to see them is at night, once they cool after the heat of the day. Oohhh it's still hot... It’s still alive! A recipe for firestone mix was popularised by one Eleanor Coade of Lambeth in London for the mass production of architectural ornament of the eighteenth century: a mix of clay, flint, glass and who knows what else. It is said that Eleanor took her finely tuned secret recipe to the grave, knowing the unpredictable nature of her invention. Once assembled into a form, days and nights of incredibly hot baking in a kiln are needed to harden it up.

A blinding glare emerges from the glowing holes in the front door. The operators of the kiln stand around nervously awaiting the result. For long periods of time, they don't move, almost becoming statues themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Henry Dundas born 1742, died 1811, first Viscount Melville and Baron Dunira, lawyer and Tory Politician, the Lord President of the Court of Session, Member of the faculty of advocates of the University of Edinburgh, Solicitor-General for Scotland, Member of Parliament, Lord Advocate of Scotland, Keeper of the King’s Signet for Scotland, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Secretary of State for

War, President of the Board of Control of the East India Company, Governor of the Bank of Scotland, Treasurer to the Navy and Lord of the Admiralty. Lord High Everything Else. And, the original Grand Poobah, a satirical term for a haughty character with an inflated self-regard and a want for impressive bureaucratic titles. His extraordinary record in

high office saw him effectively rule Scotland for the British state in the late 18th century. With a brazen attitude, he caused parliamentary scandal over the misdirected use of sums of public money. He was responsible for the exile of radical individuals with views other than his own. Protesters burnt his effigy during three days of riots in Edinburgh in 1792. That year, to protect economic interests, he delayed the abolition of the slave trade for the next fifteen years, causing the transport to the West Indies and the enslavement of 630,000 African people.

\* \* \* \* \*

The substantial size of his representation has made it difficult for a consensus to be found about what to do with Grand Poobah. Many rightly question why this figure is still standing? The presence of a temporary plaque, pointing out what his policies did to hundreds of thousands, is absurd when you can still look up at the grandeur he continues to appear in. Demolish it, and recycle the rubble into something more meaningful. A young architect has made a prize-winning proposal to dig an enormous hole and put the monument in there, so that we can instead look down at it.

The bigger the statue the more impressive the wreckage. The ecstatic dream of the statue falling down off its plinth, hitting the ground below and smashing into tiny pieces seems increasingly unlikely with new Tory laws today promoting a policy of ‘remain and explain’ what such monuments are.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nonetheless, fringe movements have begun to slowly undermine any need or use for a monument such as this. These actions will be undertaken in the belief that, of all the threats to a figure of power, there can be none more damaging than marginalization. It spells a loss of achievement that feeds upon itself and creates a syndrome of decline that can only end in rubble.

Assisted by wind, gravity and fluctuations in temperature, moisture is known to seep deep into cracks and crevasses in a monument. During periods of frost the moisture will freeze and be subject to expansion, widening the cracks still further and thereby accelerating a cycle of deterioration already underway. Alkaline lime mortar binding the stones together is broken down by the slightly acidic rain. The resulting corrosive salt content of the mortar is seen in damaging blisters around the column’s base. Chemical bonding of residues of iron and silica, and even oil in the stone, occurs through a natural electromagnetic process. This is compounded by soot and dirt from the city’s air, and the surface of the stone becomes like a hard skin flaking off. Left unchecked, these forces go about their relentlessly destructive business and can bring even the most powerfully

monumental sculptures to the ground. Waiting for this will inevitably take time, but stop and stare at the surface of these arrangements and give free reign to conjure up the strangest landscapes ever seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

A bag. A bag, concealed in these trousers is full of modelling clay. The action proposed has to be stealthy, and needs to blend in somehow. When confiding in friends about the plan, some say that *he* might end up the butt of the joke. Others warned him against the action, as it might be understood in some quarters as wiping your arse with a monument. Crass. Nonetheless, he leans into hard stone and takes the form of a concealed squeeze mould. Walking off, with the shape of the monument captured, he believes an atomic transfer of some form has occurred, that the horrific feelings generated by this stone might be somehow partly dispelled. The clay is removed and placed in an undisclosed location far outside the city.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other stones, upon hearing of these events, have started to gather around the monument.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning, pieces of broken off sandstone were seen scattered around the park below. Fearing vandalism to the monument, investigations by the local constabulary ensued.

After reviewing ample amounts of footage culled from CCTV focused on the monument, and consulting with experts in stone and art history, it soon became apparent that something had strewn the stones about to improve the appearance of the villain above.

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**Summer Programme Press Release:** 21 June 2021

Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop is delighted to present three newly commissioned exhibitions in the summer of 2021.

**Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop & Edinburgh Art Festival   
Co-Commission**

**Sean Lynch**

***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint***

Exhibition runs 29.07.21 - 29.08.21

Open 7 days, 11 – 5

***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint*** is a new artwork by **Sean Lynch** commissioned by Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop and Edinburgh Art Festival.

Lynch’s new project casts a spotlight on Edinburgh’s public monuments and sculptures, today subject to ongoing civic processes to have society acknowledge and understand the legacies of history. His installation at Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop explores the use of folk traditions, the making of sculpture and the parables held inside monuments themselves, which can empower social change and produce a public realm implicitly open to everyone. Extensive fieldwork on this theme is seen in a new video artwork, while a new series of sculptures resuscitate the use of Coade Stone, a now obsolete building material with a secretive recipe rediscovered by the ESW’s technical team over the last year.

Amongst other subjects an encounter with Neolithic carved stone balls and a visitation to the Aberdeen Bestiary, one of Scotland’s most important medieval illuminated manuscripts additionally feature, converging to find the critical impulses that each might bring to egalitarian thought and action today. Accordingly, Lynch’s title, ***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint*** is a memento mori phrase, urging those who read it to make the most of their time on earth. The phrase, along with a number of other sculptural interventions, were made and placed by builder Stanley Sutherland on Newhaven Road, a minute’s walk from ESW.

***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint*** is co-commissioned by Edinburgh Art Festival and Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop. Supported by the PLACE Programme, a partnership between Edinburgh Festivals, Scottish Government, City of Edinburgh Council and Creative Scotland, with additional support from Culture Ireland, the University of Aberdeen and National Museum of Scotland.

**Beacon Tower Sound Commission**

**Alaya Ang & Hussein Mitha**

***plotting (against) the garden***

Exhibition runs 23.07.2021 to 24.09.2021   
Open 7 days, 11 – 5

***plotting (against) the garden*** is a new audio commission by **Alaya Ang and Hussein Mitha**. ***plotting (against) the garden*** evokes the chromatic beauty and vegetal excess of the garden through the urban structure of The Beacon Tower.

Dreaming of the garden and the urban subsisting in the same space, pointing to an often desperate need for places to grow, reflect, work and sit within the city. The work explores the politics of gardens as ambivalent spaces of work and leisure; private property and public shared space; cultivation and growth.

**Hawthornvale Space Exhibition**

**Andrew Gannon**

***Eccentric Limbs***

Exhibition runs 09.07.2021 to 24.09.2021, viewed from street

***Eccentric Limbs*** is an exhibition of new work by the artist Andrew Gannon.

Motivated by the decision to centre disability, this new work has focused on the visibility of and stigmas around his own congenital limb difference.

***Eccentric Limbs*** is a series of works comprising plaster casts of the artist’s arm to which different materials have been added to create absurd, useless things which challenge ideas of what a disability object might be. What is a prosthesis if it is neither functional nor cosmetic? These objects are made quickly, on the artist’s body, using perceived absence as the site of production to create works that unpick his experience of limb difference and societal attitudes towards disability; once taken off, these innately performative objects become sculpture, which in turn refer to the body in absence.

**All of the artists are available for interview.**

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**Biographies**

**Sean Lynch** lives and works in Askeaton, Ireland. He represented Ireland at the Venice Biennale in 2015. Solo exhibitions include Henry Moore Institute, Leeds (2019); Douglas Hyde Gallery, Dublin (2017); Charles H. Scog Gallery, Vancouver (2106); Rose Art Museum, Boston (2016) and Modern Art Oxford (2014). More recent presentations of his work have occurred at Tenerife Espacio de las Artes (2020); CentroCentro, Madrid (2019), and CRAC Alsace (2019), while a major public commission for the City of Melbourne, Australia will be realised later this year. Lynch is represented by Ronchini Gallery in London and Kevin Kavanagh, Dublin. Alongside Michele Horrigan, he works at Askeaton Contemporary Arts, an artist-led residency, exhibition and publication initiative situated in the west of Ireland since 2006.

**Alaya Ang and Hussein Mitha** are artists based in Glasgow who have a shared interest in gardens and decolonization. In their artistic investigation ***plotting (against) the garden***, they are working through research and with groups of people to find ways of unearthing communal plant knowledge and creating other systems of meaning through dreaming and imaginative practices of gardening.

**Andrew Gannon** lives and works in Edinburgh and has been a studio holder at ESW since 2015. Previous exhibitions include Stand Up!, Centre Pompidou, Paris, (2015) No Reading No Cry! Museum of the City of Skopje, Macedonia, (2015) and Slight Works, part of Open Out, The Fruitmarket Gallery, Edinburgh, (2018).

**Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop**

Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop (ESW) is a world class centre for production, research and learning which, over the last 27 years, has been pioneering in its commitment to integrating artists in all aspects of its work and policy. ESW is a creative hub through which artists can progress as they develop their careers. We are continually developing innovative ways to meet artists’ needs and provide a place in which artists and public users can access the tools, knowledge and mental and physical space which encourage them to experiment, test ideas, take creative risks and innovate.

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**Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop**, Bill Scott Sculpture Centre, 21 Hawthornvale, Edinburgh EH6 4JT, Scotland [www.edinburghsculpture.org](http://www.edinburghsculpture.org)

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Blue Location Board:

**Sean Lynch**

***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint***

Learning Studio

29 July – 29 August, every day, 11-5

***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint*** is a new installation by Irish artist **Sean Lynch**, created over the last two years through a process of research and collaboration with ESW. Investigating hidden parables and traditions of sculpture in Edinburgh, Lynch’s work ranges from references to medieval morality, contemporary deep-fake animation and changing perspectives on the city’s monuments and statues. Working alongside the ESW technical team, a series of new sculptures are realised in an obscure ceramic medium developed by Eleanor Coade in the 18th century.

The title of the show, ***Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint***, is a reminder to make the most of the time and places we inhabit, and was seen by Lynch written in concrete at Advanced Roofing, at the top of Hawthornvale, a minute’s walk from ESW. You can see this above the roller door through the gate at the side of the building, alongside inventive sculptural interventions made by builder Stanley Sutherland.

A freely available publication accompanies the exhibition, with an interview between the artist and curator Lesley Young.

**Tak' Tent O' Time Ere Time Be Tint is co-commissioned by Edinburgh Art Festival and Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop. Supported by the PLACE Programme, a partnership between Edinburgh Festivals, Scottish Government, City of Edinburgh Council and Creative Scotland, with additional support from Culture Ireland, University of Aberdeen, National Museums Scotland and Museums Galleries Edinburgh.**

Blue Location Board:

**Alaya Ang & Hussein Mitha**

***Plotting (Against) The Garden***

Beacon Tower

29 July – 29 September 2021, every day, 10am – 5pm

***Plotting (Against) The Garden*** by **Alaya Ang & Hussein Mitha** is an intimate, critical and poetic sound installation around the politics of gardens, dream gardens, and the intersection between the garden and the city, ***Plotting (Against) The Garden*** brings together memories and stories by artists **Alaya Ang and Hussein Mitha**. These compositions evoke embodied knowledge, ecological grief, and anti-colonial uprising, as well as the ambivalence of the garden as a form that keeps out as much as it lets in. The work emerges in dream-form through the urban structure of Beacon Tower and invites listeners to contemplate the politics of gardens: Who owns the land? Who toils on it? Who does the garden exclude? How can we imagine a return to the land, to the commons, to a collective shared world beyond imperialist plunder and capitalist exploitation? Sound artist Cindy Islam has tenderly constructed the music and sounds, reactivating the seed-dreams laid to rest in gardens across cities and sites of ecological destruction. The ambisonic soundscape generates loops and layers of frequencies, field recordings and noise. Cindy Islam morphs sound as texture, to develop an acoustic collage that facilitates a deepened listening practice. Voices heard in the work are from Alaya Ang, Hussein Mitha, Armaan Verma and Martha Adonai Williams.

**The compositions will play at the times:**

I: Cosmic Radio 10am to 12.30pm – Duration 26:10 min

II: The Imprint of the Sun 12.30pm to 3pm –  Duration 34:06min

III: Dreaming the End of Dreaming 3pm to 5pm – Duration 28:16 min

Blue Location Board:

**Andrew Gannon**

***Eccentric Limbs***

Hawthornvale Space

9 July – 26 September 2021, every day, viewable from the street

***Eccentric Limbs*** is an exhibition of new work by the artist **Andrew Gannon**.

Motivated by the decision to centre disability, this new work has focused on the visibility of and stigmas around his own congenital limb difference.

***Eccentric Limbs*** is a series of works comprising plaster casts of the artist’s arm to which different materials have been added to create absurd, useless things which challenge ideas of what a disability object might be. What is a prosthesis if it is neither functional nor cosmetic?

These objects are made quickly, on the artist’s body, using perceived absence as the site of production to create works that unpick his experience of limb difference and societal attitudes towards disability.

Once taken off, these innately performative objects become sculpture, which in turn refer to the body in absence.